Paris, February 24.

M. JULES FERRY.

THE SURPRISE IN PARIS OVER HIS RETURN

The fresh start as a political man which the Senate has given to M. Jules Ferry came as a

surprise to most of us, though there have been

strong premonitory symptoms that a move of

the kind was being planned. His nomination by

a caucus of the Republicans of the Senate threw.

the Royalists into a state of convulsive anger.

It is my belief that M. Constans and Ranc, who is the link between the advanced wing of the Oppor-tunist Party and the Radicals of the Palais Bour-

bon, engineered this new departure. Nor have I

of MM. Spuller, Floquet, Clemenceau, and other

prominent members of both Houses of the Legistature. MM. Constans and Ferry have crows to rick with the men now in office, and the Senate

is getting frightened at the manner in which

the Royalists are rearing their heads and at the

He would be in his place as a professor of

any doubt that they worked with the concurre

## THE TWO SALOMES.

XX.

"HE WILL COME BACK?"

Copyright, 1893: By The Tribune Association. Mrs. Gerry began to mend. Her improvement appeared to be more a matter of will than of anything else. She must get well. Her daughter needed her. It would have been impossible for the mother to die then. And she remembered that she had always been told that she had the Ware constitution. It was now that the Ware constitu-

tion asserted itself. The period of absolute physical rest had enabled her to regain her grasp on strength. In a week she could sit propped up in the bed. Moore was lavish in his kindness. Strengthening delicacies, flowers, everything the young man could think of which could help the invalid or amuse her, he brought out to the hut. And in all this week he had had no word alone with Salome. She told him that she did not wish to leave her mother for a moment. Her mother might want something.

The girl shrank from her lover with a terror that she could not conceal. And when she be Beved that she was not observed she watched his face with an intentness that was piteous.

And her mother watched her; and as she satched, Mrs. Gerry prayed with a kind of imperious agony that she might have strength, and get more strength. For she would need it all, she was sure.

The two women talked no more about the forgery during that week. But they talked a great deal in an impersonal, extremely cheerful manner And Mrs. Gerry gained every day. In the beginning of the second week she was able to "be shout the house," as she would have said; but mostly she sat wrapped up in a blanket in the sunshine at the door. And Salome sat by her, sometimes reading to her, but oftener silent, looking

It was here that Moore found them for several days. He also would sit down. He took his place on the other side of Mrs. Gerry. He would make everal brave attempts at talk; then he would subside into silence. In this silence he tried not to look at Salome, but it always ended in his fixing his eyes beseechingly on her and appearing to forget that they too were not alone together.

One day in the last of the week, while the thre mt there in the sunshine, they saw a tall man making his way slowly to them.

Salome knew directly that it was Walter Redd, and presently Mrs. Gerry exclaimed:

Why, it's Walter!" Redd came and shook hands with them all in his somewhat ponderous fashion. He said he wouldn't ait down: he couldn't stop; but he had just come from his trip through Florida, and he wanted to know how Mrs. Gerry was. He was glad enough

to find she was better; he had been sure she would pull through. As he talked on about orange groves, and land and investments, Me often gave a long, questioning

gaze into Moore's face. Moore began to resent this gaze, though there seemed to be nothing hostile in it. But Moore was by this time in a frame of mind when he felt himself hardly responsible for anything he might do He had been suffering for many days. He had slept little. There were times when he was des perate with the uncertainty, and with the thronging, terrible thoughts upon him.

Salome was as evasive, as unsatisfactory, as if she were a sprite, and not flesh and blood at all. In those days Moore felt himself growing old. He could hardly recognize himself. He gave up his business entirely. He could think of nothing but that girl, and what she had told him. His heart longed for her and turned toward her with an entirely ungovernable impulse. But his judyment-Moore resolutely thrust his judgment into the background, and it was only now and then that it loomed up too prominently, like a spectre that would some day assert itself.

His naturally chivalric feeling toward all women was now concentrated into an unspeakable tenderness toward one woman whom he wished to defend and protect, even against herself. What mattered

it about his judgment? And Salome held herself ansterely aloof. Every morning and every night he asked himself how long she would be like that. He would have tried to break impetuously through this guard if there had not been a certain beseeching phase in the attitude. It was as if she asked that he

should be her ally in whatever she wished to do. Now when Redd said he must go back to the city he turned toward Moore and asked if he would go then: Redd added that he particularly wished

Moore rose in a kind of sullen acquiescence; and to be anything like sullen showed how keenly he He turned toward Salome, but she only bowed

gravely to him as if to intimate that he might As the two young men walked away Mrs. Gerry took the girl's hand between her own hot, dry

Salome," she said anxiously, "what are yo doing ?"

Salome endeavored to draw herself up.

"I?" she asked, "I am doing nothing."
"But you don't let Mr. Moore have a chance." Salome shivered. Then she rose and stood with ber back to her mother.

But he wants a talk with you; an explanation. "There can be no explanation," was the response. "You cannot tell that. It is unfair not to let

him see you." "Unfa'r?" Salome wheeled about. "Then I will see him. But I know it all now."

"He loves you, Salome." The mother's voice, however, was very sad as it The girl stood silent an instant before she was

Yes, I think he does love me. And you love

me, mother, but you do not respect me."

Notwithstanding all her self-command, Mrs. Gerry, as she heard and saw her child at this mo ment, gave an audible groan. She leaned her head back and shut her eyes.

Salome drew yet nearer. Mother," she said, "you never lie; you never

Prevaricate, Answer me this: Do you respect me?" Mrs. Gerry's lips grew stiff, but at last they "Salome, I know you are not base. I am your

mother, and I know you are not base." The woman suddenly extended her arms, and with a swift access of strength she drew the girl

Mrs. Gerry began to sob, and she could not at first check those sobs. Now, at last, she felt as if

her heart would break, because of Salome's unhappiness, and more because of the girl's lack of In that brief time while she feebly held the

Joung head against her breast, a process of reason-ing flashed through her mind. In these days she was always reasoning about the girl in the hope that she might arrive at some solid justification of Salome's actions. Was there not a moral diathesis, as there was said to be a physical diathesis, and how accountable was one who-here the woman's thoughts grew incoherent. What justification was there for falsehood? What could one build upon a shifting foundation?

You do not answer me," said Salome. She withdrew herself from her mother's embrace. enough that you have hesitated."

She knelt by her mother's knees and put her face in her mother's lap. She appeared weak and

With her face still in that position, she said: I can endure from you, because you are my other, what I couldn't endure from a lover. But it is kard from you."

of her child's future passed now plainbefore her eyes. She was asking if Salome had to power of self-sacrifice which is so spontaneous, almost involuntary in some feminine natures.

Mrs. Gerry gasped in an agony of silence.

her secret soul she sympathized with her daughter in this. First and foremost Mrs. Gerry felt that she must be respected. But if she were not worthy of respect she must do without love. She knew that this was what was in Salome's mind. But would it endure in Salome's mind? And she could say nothing. But this phase of character Salome had not inherited from that ancester whose traits were so impressed upon her; this phase was a

tincture of New-England blood. The two young men who had left the cabin together walked on for some distance without speak ing. Moore had no wish to speak. He strode on with his head bent, brooding upon the one subject. and he almost forgot that he had a companion until

Redd spoke. "May be," said Redd, "you'll say I've ne right, but I guess I'll venture to take the right, anyway." He stopped in his walk in such a way that Moore was compelled to stop also.

"Well, go ahead," said Moore, impatiently, His thoughts were a torture to him, but he was indignant if any one intruded upon him and prevented that constant dwelling of his mind upon

Redd was very slow, and he did not speak imnediately. Moore kicked at a palmetto stump with some viciousness as he stood and waited. But nothing was likely to hurry Redd. When

he was quite ready to speak he squared round upon Moore, taking in as he did so the bright attractiveness of Moore's aspect. That aspect was cloudy enough now, but Redd perceived with a smoldering anger how bright and winning it was natural for Moore to be. And as he took this in be had a crushing sense of the difference there was between them.

," I understand," he said, "that you are going to marry Salome."

"That is my intention," was the answer.

"I haven't got anything to say about that," returned Redd heavily, "but I want to look into things a little. I ain't going home till she looks different from what she does now-that is, I don't think I shall."

"I don't know what right you have -- " began Moore hotly. He found that his temper was like tinder in

"It ain't worth while for you to get mad," no emarked Redd. "I don't know as I care particularly whether I have what you call any right or

But I love Salome Gerry. 'I was sure of it!" interjected Moore savagely "All right, be sure of it," was the response, "I doesn't harm her to have me love her. And she never pretended to love me any. She loves you. Now what I want to know is: Are you up to anything that is making her wretched? Tell me that. Redd's eyes burned deeply as he spoke. But he stood with perfect quiet, his figure looking large in the sunlight.

Moore plunged his hands into his pockets. His face was crimson. He lowered himself to a sub-

"You seem to forget that she is grieving for her father," he said. He could no longer dispute Redd's right. And he was obliged to acknowledge that this somewhat

uncouth man from the country had a power of sence and personality. "It ain't that," said Redd. "You know it ain't that I mean. It's something about you. Some-

thing is Wrong." "Yes," exclaimed Moore with some violence something is wrong; but it's nothing I've done I am waiting and hoping to have a word with her. Can't you see I'm so wretched myself that I'm almost ready to put a bullet into my bea 12"

Moore, in spite of himself, was so conscious of the genuineness of the man before him that he spoke differently from what he had intended. "You give me your word that it ain't any fault

Redd looked at Moore with unswerving, stern

"I give you my word," said Moore. Then he "You see I let you catechize me. But laughed. I should like to know what you would do about it

A dark flush came into Redd's face.
"It's no matter," he said at last, "what I'd do. But I'd make this world an uncommon bad place for anybody that did her any harm. But I believ A fellow's got to believe you some

glad of it, since she cares for you. It must be a solemn thing to be loved as Salome loves you." Redd turned away. After an instant of silence Moore came closer to him. He held out his hand.
"Will you shake hands with me, Redd?" he

Then they walked on toward the city. But Moore could not stay in Augustine. H ried boating as a panacea which sometimes had power. To-day, however, he could not endure to stay on the river, and in half an hour he was at the wharf and had thrown his oars down with re-

in a vacht. He saw Miss Nunally among the group. She looked toward him and smiled. He suddenly walked up to her. She knew, and she was a woman with exquisite perceptions. inderstood; and they were so sympathetic. would be a great relief to him, Moore thought, if he might spend the next hour with Miss Numally. Perhaps he could then endure the time until he could go out to that cabin again

There was very little of the stoic about Moore, He craved sympathy almost as a woman might

Are you going with all these people?" he asked

"I was going," was the answer. "Then do a deed of charity and come with me Please come with me. I shall be a miserable companion, though. I warn you of that."

Moore was conscious of a decided feeling of gratitude when Miss Nunally turned to her friends and explained that she was asked to do a deed of charity, and that a deed of charity was something that brought its own reward

The next moment Moore had handed her into the boat he had just left. He pushed off into the river, while Portia waved her handkerchief at the yachting parfy. "This is so kind of you," Moore said when they

were well away. "It is not so difficult to be kind to you, Mr Moore," was the response. Miss Nanally met his rather absent gaze with a

look of simple well-wishing which had a faint comforting power upon the young man. Moore endeavored to rouse himself. He must not be merely a lump of flesh in this girl's pres-

ly. "It is not necessary. You look as if you were suffering, Mr. Moore. wherever you please. It is always a pleasure for

me to be on the water." For a long time Moore simply obeyed her. He was soothed by her mere presence and by the knowl edge that she understood. He need not tell her

She understood. The lines in his forehead grew less deep. His whole attitude relaxed. He was not thinking of Miss Nanally at all. She knew this fact perfectly She did not look at him, but she saw the change in

Nunally spoke.

"Does she know how you sufter?" she asked.

The young man threw up his head as if a deep breath might have a restorative power. He looked wistfully at Portia.

"I don't know," he said slowly, resting upon his oars. "She is very lunhappy. But I don't know much about women. They are so strange. I think Salome has some strange idea in her head. I can't tell what it is. I have a suspicion, though."

Moore now drew in his oars and leaned his arms on his knees. He was gazing steadily just beyond the girl in front of him.

And what are your suspicions?" she inquired.

That she will want to break our engagement," was the reply;

handkerchief to her lips. But she responded di-

"Not because she does not love you," she said.
"No," he said slowly. "It is not conceited in me to think she loves me. But women are so different from men. Sometimes I think they don't know how to love."
No answer to this remark. Moore still continued to gaze beyond Miss Nunally; and Miss Nunally, where the statement of the sta

who was not accustomed to having men gaze beyond her, still continued to bear this attitude of her companion with apparent calm.

"Do you believe that women know how to love?" questioned Moore.

But he did not wait for any reply. He went on tramediately.

But he did not wait for any reply. He went on immediately:

"I have suffered more within the last few days than I can ever suffer again. My mind is one horrible chaos. There is only one thing I clearly know. Only one thing."

"And that is?——" as the speaker hesitated.

"That I love her."

Miss Nanally bent down as if to pick up something from the bottom of the boat.

"Have you assured her of that?" she inquired in a clear voice.

"I have had no enportunity. You know how."

a clear voice.
"I have had no opportunity. You know how her mother has been." heren to row again. Moore took his oars and began to row again.

After a time Miss Nunally said:

"Perhaps we might better go back to the wharf."

Without answering Moore turned and began to
row toward the city—As they drew near he looked
at her with a glance which for the first time really

at her with a glance which for the first time really saw her

"How tired you are!" he exclaimed. "I can't forgive myself for having bored you so."

"You haven't bored me." she answered.

"Truly, haven't 1? You are so good, Miss Nanally. And you have helped me so much You have helped me so by just letting me be with you, den't you know? And you know all about it. Miss Nunally," with vibrating earnestness, "I wish you were going to be happy. But you never will be happy if you marry that man. And you don't even pretend to love him, do you?"

"Oh, no: I don't even pretend to love him," now meeting her companion's eyes. "And I am not going to marry him, Mr Moore."

"Ah!" with a start of interest.

Moore again pulled in his oars. He held out his hand. As she put hers within it she said:

"I couldn't do it, after all. And I could not forget what you said. Mr. Moore, about such things. Now you will congratulate me, won't you?"

She did not allow her hand to remain an instant in his.

"Ludged yes. I congratulate veu." impressively.

She did not allow her hand to remain an instant in his.

"Indeed yes, I congratulate you," impressively. Then Moore began to row, and his face clouded over deeply again.

When the two parted on the Plaza the young man thanked the girl again for her kindness, his eyes dwelling on her with a half absent but wholly wrotched expression. And she said nothing.

In an hour he was out at the cabin again, going this time with a well-defined resolution not to leave until he had had an interview with Salome. He was somewhat surprised to see her coming

daughter as she went toward Moore. Salome had said nothing, and her mother had given no advice. She felt that this was a matter solely between these two, and that she could not advise. She noted the subdued eagerness with which Moore greeted the girl. She saw them walk away among the trees, with Jack following schately a few feet behind them.

Then, after a while, the woman went and laid herself on the bed. But she had been there but a few moments, she thought, when the heand came in his sober way in at the door. Mrs. Gerry reschurriedly. She looked out among the pines and saw Salome ceming alone. Jack went back to her and ranged himself behind her.

Selome came straight on until she reached the house. Her mother hastened to meet her.

"Well?" she said, her heart sinking.

"He has gone," said Salome. But she had hardly snoken when Moore came rapidly toward them. He went directly to Mrs. Gerry, taking both her hands. She had never seen him look like this in the least.

"The going "he began. He stopped suddenly."

hands. She had never seen him look like this in the least.

"I'm going," he began. He stopped suddenly. Then he began again. "I'm going, because she insists upon it. She says she knows she is right. She says she knows herself so well that she knows she is right. Well——" he again found himself unable to go on. But he waited until he could say, "I can't prove that she is wrong. But I love her. She cannot make me promise not to come back. Goodbar."

When he had gone Salome, still standing by her mether, said, with an appearance of calmness:

"I want to say what I have to say now. For I can't go on talking about it. I knew he couldn't respect me fully. And he couldn't teil me he could. He said he was bewildered, confused. He said he was sure of one thing, that he loved me and wanted me for his wife." A pause. Presently the girl's voice went on again;
"In his place I should have lied and asserted that I felt respect, that what I had done did not really stain me, and so on. But he could not control, and which were not, I think I said were not, I think I said were not, honest. And that they would make him unhappy. I told him—but it makes no difference. He has gone. Mother: with a sudden sharp intonation, "he has gone."

not, honest. And that they would make happy. I told him—but it makes no difference. He has gone. Mother!" with a sudden sharp intonation, "he has gone." "But he will come back," said Mrs. Gerty.

"Will be? But how can I change? How can I be a different woman."

Salome looked at her mother with a tremor of passionate inquiry.

But the tremor subsided instantly. She was too spent with what she had just suffered to feel intensely now. Before Mrs. Gerry could thank of any reply, Salome said with a kind of dall abruptness:

Miss Nunally loves him."

Miss Nanally loves him."

"How do you know?" quickly.

I don't know it; but I believe it."

There was nothing to respond to this.
The two stood there together at the door of the abin. They stood in the full light of the sun. Salome turned toward the woman beside her.

"It is you and I, mother," she said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gerry, "you and I, with God

"Yes," said Mrs. Gerry, "you and I, with God to help us."

She stood erect. She put her arm about her daughter, who also stood erect, with a difference, Above them some black spots came moving on from toward St. Augustine. Salome saw these moving things. She became yet paler. "Mother," she said," there are the crows. They fly between me and the sun. But it is no matter."

THE END.

## A SOUTHWESTERN POSTMASTER.

From The Boston Transcript's Washington gossip.

Some years ago the postoffice at Gallup, N. M., paid the incumbent \$1,000 a year, "steamings out. The citizens were chiefly miners and gammers. Captain swam was a pioneer in the Territory. He knew veryoonly and was recommended by the tovering of the Ferritory, all of the ex-Governors, the facilities of the form the marrycel resident blueon tertifying to me writer's friendship and admiration for Swam. Naturally swam was appointed postmaster. He did excellently so far as tosing in cash for stamps and moreour control of the rom The Boston Transcript's Washington gossip.

apply and losing dast. This was Captain swan e postmaster. A few hours later the inspector called at the post

A lew hours later the inspector called at the postoffice, which occupied the protest frame building in
the town. Captain swan sat on a packingbox near
the front door, looking out at the beauties of nature,
while a clerk was tying up the letters for him. On
hearing list visitor's etrand the postuaster said:

"So you are a postoffice inspector. Well, you'll
find there am't notium' wrong with this chice—not
since I had it. Can't say much for it before that,"

The inspector hinted that his accounts were a little
overtice, and swan replied:

"Yes, that's right. Say, Jimmy, how about them
money order balls. They been paid yet!"

"Ch. no. Captain' said the c.cris. You remember
Tye been trying a long time to get you to lix them up."

"Yes, that's so, Jimmy." Then he added, turning
to the inspector, "You see, I been so husy."

The postmaster ascented to the inspect r's proposition to look over the books. They amounted to nothing
more than a small passbook which contained a reentries of stamps, whilekey accounts, paid and unpid,
money paid on a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a house that swan was building, and
various other private memoranda. It took a week to
appearing a door the full amount on demand and the
captain got a brief term in jall.

She sat leaning against the side of the beat, her parasel over her head, her face calm, a faint glow in her eyes, the white roses in her corsage moving gently in the wind and exhaling their fragrance lavishly.

At last Moore glanced at his companion with eyes that were a little less strained. Then Miss Nunally spoke.

"Does she know how you sufter?" she asked. The young man threw up his head as if a deep breath might have a restorative power. He looked wistfully at Portia.

"I don't know," he said slowly, resting upon his boars. "She is very unhappy. But I don't know, much about women. They are so strange. I chink Salome has some strange idea in her head. I can't tell what it is. I have a suspicion, though.

Moore now drew in his oars and leaned his arms on his knees. He was gazing steadily just beyond the girl in front of him.

And what are your suspicions?" she inquired.

"And what are your suspicions?" she inquired.

"That she will want to break our engagement," was the reply.

Portia suddenly lowered her eres. She put her

Royal Baking Powder will be found the greatest of helps. With least labor and trouble it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing and assuredly digestible and wholesome.

azimuth is read on the horizon circle. An index in the line of the keel shows the direction of the true north, and affords means to determine the error of the ship's compass. In a book of azimuth tables, the azimuth corresponding to a certain declination, initiade and azimuth are given. These quantifies must be the same as read from the instrument. Hence, whenever an observation is taken the observer knews definitely if his results are right or wrong. wrong
Further experiments will be made on the Violet when opportunity effers.

STORIES ABOUT BRIGNOLI.

QUEER WAYS OF THE TENOR.

When James Morrissey was manager of the Emma Abbott Opera Company he made overtures to Brignoli, going to the Everett House to see him about the engagement. He was one of the hardest men in the world to make a contract with. He would insist on talking so much and objecting so much that the manager could not say a word. Morrissey let him talk for

fifteen minutes, then expostulated. "My dear Brig," he said, "we never can understand each other if you will not listen to what I have to say. We cannot come to terms unless you hear me." Brignell then launched into another long series of

"My dear Brig." expostulated Morrissey again, when are you going to let me talk? Go ahead and finish what you have to say, and then give me

So matters drifted along for the entire afternoon, and they were no nearer an agreement than when they began. Finally Morrissey said: Brig. I'll give you fifteen minutes more, then I

want to have five minutes to myself. anything this way. I will not interrupt you, and you must promise not to interrupt me. Is it a trade?" Brignoll at last consented to give Morrissey a chance "but only three minutes; five minutes were to

They took out their watches, and Brignoll talke for his full time. Then Morrissey stopped him. "Now, remember your agreement, Brig," he said.

Morrissey talked, never hearing a word that was said, he was so vexed at being kept silent. A dozen times he altempted to interrupt, but Morrissey called his attention to the agreement, and he was forced to desist ing his interruptions, but in the one that remained th manager succeeded in bringing Brignoll to terms.

He always expected an encore, no matter where or in a rage instantly. In some small country town he sang his favorite song, "Com e Gentil," a serenade from Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with unusual care, and walked off the stage perfectly satisfied, pausing at the wings to listen to the applause. To his utter amazement there was not a sound of approbation. He trode into his dressing-room, muttering that he would mother song. Still the house remained silent, "No!" he cried to those about him, "I refuse to sing again.

Earbagelata, who was more elever than the ord ervant, humbly approached and said:

Signor Brignett, you sang that like an angel. The ople could not appreciate it." The old fellow nearly wept. Barbagelata! my God!" he exclaimed. "Give me My God! Tagliapietra, I must introduce you

to flarbagelata, my servant"-turning to "Tag," who

stood near by. "He is a great musician! He appre-clates my stuging more than all those fools." Brignoff was so careful of his voice when he had to sing that he would not speak at all, and was in the habit of writing his wishes on a piece of paper. During three-quarters of an hour to go from his room to the sidewalk. He must get used to the changes very grad-ually. Leaving the room, he would pace up and down the hall for ten or fifteen minutes, antil thoroughly exclimatized, as he himself would say, and from there would go to the loby to experience for twenty minutes a slightly lower degree of temperature. At the end of half an hour he usually reached the vestibule, where he would pass another quarter, opening the outer door occa-donally to get a taste of the fresh air. When theroughly are finatized here, he buttomed his greatenat close about him and stepped out on the payement.

and always took a critical view of the crockery, silver, illien, etc., before inviting his friends to sit down. On this occasion his eagle eve discovered several small holes in the table cloth, and his anger was all allane in an instant. Too full of with to speak, he caught hold of the corner of the cloth and gave one long, quick jerk, clearing the table completely and scattering harves, forks, spoons, plates, etc., all over the room. The astounded watters ran to the proprietor with the tale, and when he arrived on the scene there was danger in his eye.

Birkgool know he was in serious trouble, and forthwith brought into play all his canning to get out of it. The pretended that the waiters had treated him in a most outrageous manner; that the table-loth was not

at Leen so imposed on? No flist-class house would built to it? In short, the wify old fellow made the landlord think

each for having burt their stages.

Praise went a long way and him. One evening at reheursal the orchestra laid down their instruments as one man and applauded his singing of a favorite song long and vigorously. He was much pleased and, advancing to the feedights with many a bow and smile of satisfaction, said:

"Gentlemen: Immediately after the rehearsal there will be a champagne supper at the Everett House. I hope I may have the honor to meet you all there."

It is needless to remark that they were there, every man of them. The supper cost Erignoli \$500.

After a performance be was a tremensions eater. Its appetite was Garzantian. Men who dired with him looked on in anazement. Nor was there any reasonable limit to his drinking capacity. Mr. staples, proprietor of the old Willard's Hotel in Washington, knew and admired Brignoll, and always regarded him as hignest when in the National Capital. The tenor always found the finest set of rooms ready for him, and an excellent supper waiting after the evening's work was done. A friend took supper with him one night there after the performance at the National Theatre, where Erignoll sang with Albani, and his testimony is as follows:

Irignoil sang with Albant, and its restimony is a follows:
 "Brignoil began by eating a large porterhouse steak. Then he ate a Spanish omelet, in which there must have been at least laif a dozen eggs. This he followed (it really seems incredible, and I am almost afraid to tell it), by two dozen good-sized muiton choop. In the mean time he drank two quarts of wine. I became alarmed, and sald, 'Brig, have you any idea how much you have eaten!' And he replied: 'Oh, very little, very little. A small piece of steak, a very little onlet and a few little chops.' I showed him hiat he had caten twenty four chops, and good big ones too. 'Ah' he cried, 'but see! I have left the bones!'

Among Brignoli's compositions is the march "Lov and Jealousy," which Glimore, a great friend of th tenor, first played at Manhattan Beach. Brignoli wa a fine musician, having taken the first prize as a plan virtuoso at the Conservatory in Naples.

He never was known to be ready to go on the stag to sing his part. He had to wait one annute or severa minutes before appearing. In this he was a grea-trouble to manacits. Just give me one minute mere," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another, till all patience was

He died poor and was buried by a friend. The last money he spent was received on a check signed by william Astor, who had bought ten thekes at \$5 and for one of his concerts. This check Brignoil carried in his pocket for nearly two years, and never had it cashed until in the direct extremity.

HIS TWO WORKS OF ART.

From The Boston Globe,

One day the swell artist was passing the house of the younger one, and the latter called to him:

"Mr. —, I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them." The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them, so, ushering him into the house and opening the parlor, the awner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said. "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old-fashloned ambrotype; the other is a nainting of Lily Pond." The artist, after adjusting his eyeglasses and looking carefully at the paintings a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. — 1"

IN THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.

THE NEW CARDINALS.-PUBLISHING THE CRIMES OF A PRINCE.

Very solemn and impressive was the ceremony n the court chapel at Vienna on Monday, February 13, when the Emperor Francis Joseph invested the newly created cardinals, Galimberti and Vasary, with the scarlet berettas. The sacred edffice was crowded with great dignitaries of the Crown and the Household, with ecclesiastics, Cabinet Minister- and officers of the army and navy. Indeed, almost every kind of uniform appeared to be represented, those of the Hungarian magnates, adorned with jewels and bordered with costly fur, attracting special attention. The Emperor was seated during the major part of the service on a throne crected on the Gospel side of the High Altar. As soon as the mass had been celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, the Papal Ablegates approached and, after three low bows, proceeded to deliver in turn Latin addresses, culogizing the new Cardinals. They then took the Papal briefs from the golden salver and, kneeling on the lowest step on the throne, held them up toward the Emperor, who lightly touched them with his ight hand and uttered the customary formula "Legatur," whereupon they were read aloud The Ablegates thereupon, again kneeling on the lowest step of the dais, presented to his Majesty the golden bowls containing the scarlet berettas. Francis Joseph now put on his green-plumed cocked hat and turned toward the two newly created Cardinals, who had entered meanwhile and were kneeling on the topmost steps of the throne, and placed the berettas on their heads, giving precedence in the matter to Cardinal Galimberti who, as Papal Nuncio and representative of the Pope, is higher in rank than Cardinal Vasary, who is Primate of Hungary. The ceremony was brought to a close by the chanting of the Te

although there has been a decline in the number of public balls and festivities which formerly constituted so marked a feature of the pre-Lenten season at Vienna, yet there has been a great in crease of private entertainments. Among the most notable of the latter was a ball at the French Embassy at which Crown Princess Stephanic and a number of the members of the Imperial Family were present. The cotillon was led by Prince Lobkowitz, and the favors, as well as the supper and the flowers, had been brought specially from Paris. It was peculiarly appropriate that Prince Lobkowitz should have been selected to lead the cotillon, as the palace occupied by the Embassy bears his name and belongs to his family. On Shrove Tuesday, too, there was a grand ball at the Imperial Palace, at which, as usual, the Archduchess Marie Therese represented the Empress. Dancing began at nine o'clock, and punctually at midnight the music stopped and the guests dispersed. During the course of the evening a number of presentations was made to the Archduchess Marie Therese, while the Emperor spent some time in talking with Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador: Count Nigra, the Italian representative, and Colonel Frederick D. Grant, the United States Minister, whose approaching departure is greatly regretted, as both he and Mrs. Grant have succeeded in rendering themselves very popular

The plan for reproducing a portion of old Vienea at the Chicago World's Fair has completely failed. It is well received in Chicago and would have been given every support, a syndicate with an Austrian-born American citizen at its head having arranged to guarantee 200,000 florins if the Viennese firms would contract to the Austrian capital refused to have anything to do with the matter, owing to the trouble which they experienced in recovering either their exhibits or pecuniary compensation for them at the close of the New-Orleans Exhibition, and the whole plan has now been abandoned. The Viennese are all the more disappointed, as they understand that there is to be a Prussian village at the Exhibition, where Prussian military music

is to be performed daily. Great anxiety has reigned at Vienna, and indeed in all the cities and towns along the banks of the Danube, during the last three weeks, by reason of the ice moving. The ice generally begins o thaw on the Upper Danube first, and the result is that when the water and broken ice come rushing down to Vienna and other riverside towns and cities lower down the stream, where the ice still remains firm and forms a dam, terrible inundations are apt to ensue. Up to the night of February 13 the City of Vienna was exposed to the greatest danger, and much anxiety prevailed. Shortly after midnight, however, the ice suddenly broke with a terrific noise, and on the following morning the Viennese found that the whole breadth of the Danube was filled with gigantic blocks of ice. Numerous dead animals and also several human bodies were borne down on the passing floes.

the eldest son of the reigning Prince of Monteregro, and his reception by the Emperor, recalls to mind the fact that there is now lying under sentence of death at Spalato, in Dalmatia, a Montenegrin bearing the name of Racco Abramovic who has been found guilty of the murder on Austrian soil, of Prince Danillo's half-brother, Grugica Nikeeviv. Grugica was a natural son of the present ruler of Montenegro, and had been eduated, at his father's expense, altogether at Paris. When he attained manhood he was summoned to Cettinje, and took up his residence in the palace, where he was assigned to the duty of a private secretary. He soon resented the difference between the treatment accorded to his half-brother, the heir to the throne, and to himself, and moreover, became exacting in his demands upon this father for money. It was not long before the affection of the reigning Prince turned into hatred, which was increased when the discovered that Grugics was holding uportain of his infirmities, notably his weakness for drink, to the ridicule and contempt of his acquaintances. A violent quarrel took place between father and son, and the latter hastened to make his escape across the Montenegrin border. It appears that he carried with him some documents of a most compromising nature, and the consequence was that for an entire year he was followed from city to city in Italy, France and tormany, by emissaries of the Frince, who are now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now known not only to have attempted on several now have a stabled in this father's 'bravi' finally succeeded in taking his after's 'bravi' finally succeeded in taking his assassin was arrested and brought to trial ty the Austrian authorities. In the course of the proceedings it was brought to light that the proceedings it was brought to light that the prince of Montenegro, at whose instigation, and ty the Austrian press, which would never have been even command, the murder had been perpetrated. The matter was even publiely discussed in the bazoar at Endua, in the district of Cattaro. It is assassin was arrested and brought to trial type the course of the proceedings it was brought to light that the murder was even publicly discussed in the proceedings it was brought to light tha over, became exacting in his demands upon his father for money. It was not long before the affection of the reigning Prince

attacks which they are openly preparing to make on the Republic. The Senate is also alarmed at the incoherency of the Republican Party and at the confusion that reigns at the Palais Bourbon and in the councils of the Government. It is thought by many who would help him-first, up to the Speakership of the Senate; next, to the Presidency of the Republic-that Ferry is the best candidate to meet the requirements of the present situation. An energetic man is needed to brace up the party and weld together its shattered fragments. The politicians from whom all back-bone has disappeared, owing to the corrupting environment in which they have lived for going on thirteen years are too flabby to deal with the agitators. Carnot is not alive to the clerical intrigues to place the Government in the hands of M. Piou Comte de Mun and others who would take the first opportunity to proclaim Philippe VII. Besides he has not the stamina wanted for the battle which is sure to be fought soon. A good man for a normal time, if he had only to deal with respectable men, he is not suited to a hotly militant period. Physically his arms are long and weedy," his shoulders narrow and his chest weak. The face has the sadness and the darkness of omplexion of one whose liver is troublesome. The inner man concords with the outer. loves peace and the pianoforte," said Senator Rans to one who asked him yesterday why he preferred Ferry to the actual President of the Republic, "and we want," he continued, "somebody who will be a mainspring to a Government formed to combat in defense of the Republic." I have been told by another Senator who to hate M. Ferry, but is now for him, that M. Magnin, the Governor of the Bank of France,

was objected to as a candidate for the Presidency of the Senate for many strong reasons. He was too much, to begin with, the man of the Elysee and came forward to please M. Carnot and Madame Magnin. M. Magnin has against him too great intimacy with the big financiers, and though believing himself a Kepublican, had become extremely Conservative. He might be brought by the Rothschilds and other great bankers to shut his eyes to plots for the proclamation of Philippe VII. At any rate he is gouty, rich, lazy. Challemel Lacour, the other chief oppo of M. Ferry at the Senatorial caucus, has an irregular establishment which shocked many in London when he was embassador there. It is felt that there has been too much of that sort of thing in the upper spheres of the political world here. the College of France, he being a man of great talent of a professorial order. But his iraccibility of temper alone should be a disquatineation for the Presidency of the Senate, where his task would be often to throw oil on waves of passion. Besides he has laid himself out as a Senator to win the favor and the votes of the

Royalist Dukes at the Academy. He did this in attacking the school laws and other new institutions won after many hard battles by the Republicans. He and M. de Freycinet are now hand in glove with the Duke d'Aumale, whose friends are beginning to intrigue for him. M. Ferry, said this informant, has his faults and grave ones. But he was not one of those statesmen of whom Baron de Reinach could catch hold by the agency of ballet girls and other means of corruption. M. Ferry had the luck to be out of Parliament when the Panama lottery bonds were on there, and he leads in all respects an exemplary domesstock the shops with characteristically Viennese manufactures. But the leading business men of accomplished and of high character. The Panama as to make it hard to find a prominent man who is not stigmatized. Hence M. Ferry's revived pre-eminence. His rising, so to speak, from the dead is one of the strangest events of present day French politics. should go back to the day in the spring of 1885 when M. Ferry was hurled from the premiership by

an indignant House of Deputies, as a "tool of Prince Bismark." He escaped that day from the indignant multitude outside by going away through the garden of the Foreign Ministry next door. He there jumped into a hackney coach and told the driver to give plenty of rein to the horses and The recent visit to Vienna of Prince Danillo

Font de la Concorde he was recognized, and a rush was made after the carriage to stop it and throw him into the Seine. There had been terrible inortality among the troops in Tonquin, and the sailors who, under Admiral Corbet, kept up a blockade on the coast of China. The Admiral had just died, but had also during his illness written home letters denouncing the Government of which M. Ferry was the chief, as guilty of criminal levity, and as placing their own private ininterests above those of their country. It was ertain that Prince Bismark, to keep France from thinking about Alsace-Lorraine, dangled before the eyes of M. Ferry great African and Far Eastern Dominions, and as a means of bringing him to catch at a well-baited hook, entered into a covenant with him to cross the path of England in all parts of the world. They both succeeded in setting a Gladstone administration turned out of getting a Gladstone administration turned out of onice, by the trouble they gave its Foreign Minister, the late Lord Granville. This, as it subsequently proved, was of no benefit to France, Lord Salisbury coming in and becoming the ancovenanted partner of the Triple Affiance—a position howas justified in taking, whatever the English Liberals and Kadicals may say to the contrary. Ferry, egged on by Bismark, made dashes in all directions, first on Tunis, and then on Tonquin, and succeeded. Lord Dufferin prevented a French dash being made on Burmah by taking it, by a quick, decisive and unauthorized move for Great Britain, just as Ferry was stretching out his hand to seize it. It is not on the cards that, should he rise again to a high and firmly held situation in French politics, he would try to play again the same colonial card. His health is not what it was eight or nine years ago, and the exchequer is in a